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Southern California;

or, The Land of
the Afternoon.

Ratcliffe Wicks.

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Ratcliff Hicks

1

SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA,

THE LAND OF ...
THE AFTERNOON.

RATCLIFFE HICKS.

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**TO
MY SISTER,
MINNIE HELLEN HICKS,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS DEDICATED.**



INTRODUCTION.

WHILE sojourning in the far West, I wrote to my friend (Hon. John C. Byxbee, Meriden, Conn.) several letters descriptive of the country. As these letters were written at odd times, and with no idea then of publication, they are necessarily not as methodical as they otherwise would have been. While many of the facts might have been consolidated, or put more closely together, and thereby saved some repetitions, I have thought that, on the whole, they would prove fully as interesting, to leave them in the rambling style in which they were written. Most of them were published at the time in some of the Connecticut papers, and so I have collated them for my own amusement, and for circulation among my friends.

Ratcliff - Hanks



CLIMATE THE BEST MEDICINE.

PASADENA, CAL., Feb. 20, 1897.



AM going to write you my impressions of Southern California. In my somewhat extensive travels, I have found no spot so captivating for a residence, as this section of the world.

The climate is as near perfection as it is possible to find it. It is far better than in Nice or Cannes, for there it is often very cold in winter, and always very hot in Summer. Here you can wear the same clothes the year round; you sleep under woolen blankets Summer and Winter, and there are three hundred days of sunshine every year; you never have a fire in your sleeping-

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

room ; you have no snowstorms in winter, no thundershowers in Summer.

It is never very hot, and never very cold. The average mean temperature at Coronado Beach in 1895 for April, May, June, July, August, and September was sixty-eight degrees ; for October, November, December, January, February, and March sixty degrees. At Santa Barbara the mean temperature for 1896 was sixty-one degrees ; the three Winter months, fifty-eight degrees ; Spring, fifty-eight and one-tenth degrees ; Summer, sixty-six and one-tenth degrees ; Fall, sixty-two degrees. There were sixty-one cloudy days, and the average velocity of wind was four and three-tenths miles, or less than half that at New York or Boston.

Most wealthy Californians, however, spend a portion of the Summer either in some of their famous mountain resorts, or at some of the many highly attractive Ocean Summer places, which, for agreeableness, far surpass most Eastern Shore resorts. I am very fond of their lobsters, so different in appearance from our lobster — their mussels, cockles, and their odd sea fish.

People can bathe here in the ocean every day in the year, as the tempera-

CLIMATE THE BEST MEDICINE.

ture of the water varies only four degrees in the whole year ; that is, it varies from sixty to sixty-four degrees.

The dryness of the climate acts wonderfully in all catarrhal and lung troubles, and is almost a positive cure for insomnia. It is an especially healthy place for children and old folks ; and, in fact, every one eats and sleeps well, as people here live so much in the open air. There is not a day that you cannot sit on your veranda, or pick a rose in your garden.

They call all Eastern investors "Tenderfoots" and when speaking of them use this slang expression : "We sold them the climate and threw the land in."

Sunshine is the best medicine. It has a healthy effect on the mind. Physicians say that in many diseases, particularly mental ailments, if you can dissipate all despondent, anxious, or worrying thoughts, the patient is half cured. The healthfulness of this climate is attested by the fact that the Indians live to be one hundred years old, and in some instances as old as one hundred and forty years.

I notice that Hon. Lyman Gage, the new Secretary of the Treasury, says that our financial troubles, as a nation, are

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largely a matter of sentiment, and, consequently, if you could pour into the Capitol at Washington, and into Wall Street, and into the factories and farm-houses of the North, some of this radiant, heaven-sent California sunshine, business would at once revive, and the wheels of our factories hum as of old. Gage is right. The people need more sunshine, and less taxes.

The most striking thing about the country, next to the climate, and the one that impresses the stranger, is the marvelous variety and abundance of the products of the soil. Oranges, lemons, grapes, pears, peaches, cherries, apricots, almonds, prunes, figs, strawberries, English walnuts, and all varieties of garden vegetables are raised profusely for export.

There are blackberry and strawberry gardens yielding \$1,500 an acre, and orange groves \$800 an acre.

Last week, four hundred and fifty car loads of fruit were sent East. If you divide it into trains of twenty-five cars each (which are as many as they can draw at once over the Rockies), it makes eighteen solid freight trains in seven days, or nearly three freight trains a day. This all means money to California.

FOOD PRODUCTS.

In 1895 there were exported from the state 100,000,000 pounds of raisins, 162,700,000 pounds of other kinds of dried fruits, 50,000,000 pounds of prunes, 48,000 bales of hops, 50,000,000 pounds of butter, 1,100,000 gallons of brandy, 26,000,000 bushels of wheat, 12,000,000 bushels of barley. The mines produced \$16,000,000.

One of the products of the soil which promises great things in the future is the sunflower, a native of America. In 1569 it was introduced into Europe, where it is now extensively cultivated, principally for the thirty-four per cent. of oil contained in its seed. This oil is superior to both almond and olive oil for table purposes, and is used in making soap and candles. The seeds are eaten by the Russians the same as we do peanuts. The stalks furnish a good fertilizer, and the leaves mixed with meal make a valuable food for cows, and the plant can be put to still other good uses.

The other large products are wheat, barley, wool, honey, petroleum, and cheese. Wheat averages twenty-five and barley twenty-six bushels to the acre, and shiploads of these cereals are being constantly sent to all parts of the

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world. With the exception of Utah, it is the only state in the Union that produces asphaltum.

Next after the climate, and the products of the soil, the people are most interesting. They are a hospitable, enterprising, public-spirited, cosmopolitan race, and do nothing by halves.

The United States government decided last month to build an immense breakwater, to cost, eventually, \$10,000,000, at San Pedro, in order to accommodate the growing commerce with North and South America, Japan, China, Australia, and Europe. The people celebrated the event by a grand barbecue, free to all, at which were roasted twenty-five oxen, fifty sheep, one ton of lobsters, one ton of clams, and one ton of mussels. Fifteen thousand persons attended, and there were speeches and music.

Los Angeles is a city of 100,000 inhabitants and has all grown up in twenty years. Last month it found that a large army of idle men had flocked to that place in the past few months, and so the business men raised \$25,000 by subscription, and put all idle men, commencing with those who had families, to work on a public park just donated

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PEOPLE.

to the city by a public spirited citizen. The park contains 1,800 acres, and will be, when completed, the largest and most beautiful park in any city of the world. The men were paid \$1 a day. This example is worthy of being imitated by some Eastern city.

The Boards of Trade of Los Angeles and Pasadena have just taken in hand the construction of a grand boulevard between the two cities. It will be ten miles long, one hundred feet wide, with a track for wheelmen, a track for horsemen, two roadways, and lined with trees, fountains, and flowers throughout its entire length. Just such a boulevard as this ought to be constructed between Hartford and New Britain, or New Haven and Meriden, or New Haven and Bridgeport, or Bridgeport and Norwalk.

My ranch is located in the foot-hills, nine miles from Pasadena and twelve miles from Los Angeles, and both cities are in plain view. It is 1,600 feet above sea level, and from my veranda you can see the ships on the Pacific Ocean thirty miles away, and also the Catalina Islands, a fisherman's heaven, forty miles out in the Pacific Ocean.

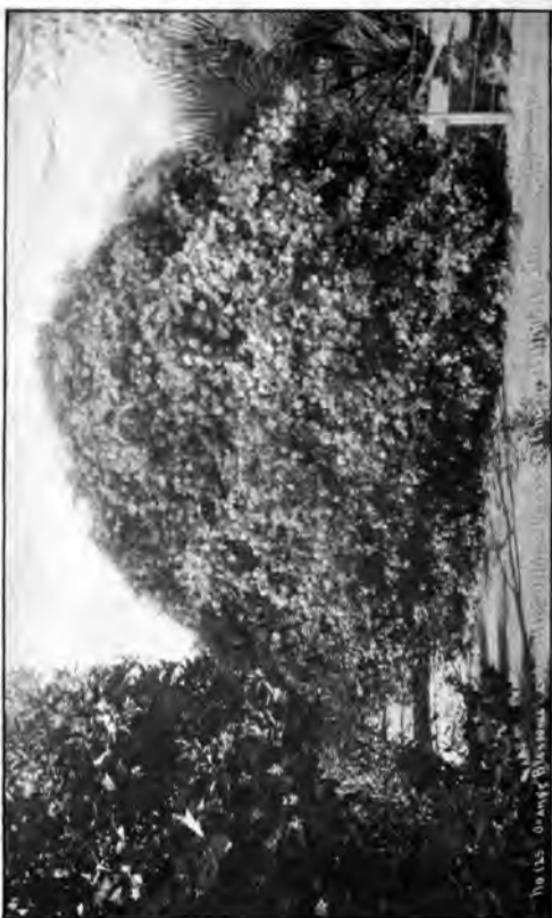
I have just completed a new house and barn, commanding a grand view

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of the San Joaquin valley, the ocean, the Santa Anna mountains, and in the rear the snow peaks of the Sierra Madre mountains. The ranch is planted with orange, fig, almond, peach, prune, apple, and cherry trees.

This part of California resembles very much in mountain scenery, that part of Switzerland called the "Engadine," in which is located the famous health resort of St. Moritz.

When the Government dispenses with your services, remember where the latchstring is always out.



1625 Orange Blossoms

VEGETATION PROLIFIC.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., March 20, 1897.

JUST think of a country where daisies, which they call here marguerites, as in France, grow on bushes as large as quince trees; rose bushes grow as large as apple trees. One I saw at Pasadena, twelve years old, was twenty-five feet in diameter and fifteen feet high. There is a rose bush in Los Angeles sixteen feet high, and has grafted on it twelve varieties of roses. Callas that sell for one dollar each in New York, grow as turnips grow in the East, in great fields, and are set out as hedges along the roadside, or between the adjoining lots to serve as fences;

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their beautiful white and orange-colored stamens nowhere look so tropical and rich as against a background of perpetual green lawns. Local florists have raised lilies fourteen feet high. Wistaria and brilliant scarlet passion vines run in wild profusion, canopying many a house. Geraniums looking like trees are common. Great acres of all varieties of pinks abound. They are cut, their stems sealed in a wax solution, and sent yearly by the tons to Eastern cities. Some flowers are fragrant only at night. The sun seems to destroy their sweetness. You often see here squashes that weigh over three hundred pounds and measure four feet one way, potatoes weighing seven and eight pounds, onions weighing four pounds, pumpkins, ten of which will make a wagon load of a ton or over, and cabbages weighing forty-five pounds. A single grapevine near Santa Barbara covers an acre, and in 1896 bore twelve tons of grapes. The "Pride of India," the most delicate of roses, grows here as luxuriantly as any Northern weed, until it shades the whole house. No wonder this is called "The Garden Spot of the World," "The Land of the Afternoon." Beets frequently weigh from forty to

VEGETATION PROLIFIC.

seventy-five pounds, and twelve tons can usually be raised on one acre, and should produce one ton of pure sugar. The average yield of wheat throughout the United States does not exceed twelve bushels to the acre, and consequently one acre of beets will equal in value to the farmer seven acres of wheat. The average yearly consumption of sugar in the United States has been about \$125,000,000 or \$5,000,000,000 in twenty years, and five-sixths of this vast sum we have sent abroad.

"Boston baked beans" are all raised in California, where the production averages 25,000,000 pounds a year. An acre will raise 1,500 to 2,000 pounds.

An acre yields 2,000 pounds of hemp fiber and is produced from one bushel of seed only. The fiber is worth 5½ cents a pound on board cars.

An acre will produce from 10,000 to 15,000 pounds of potatoes, and one acre has yielded 66,000 pounds of onions; another acre, three and one-half tons of strawberries. A tree in Fresno County measures 129 feet in circumference and 376 feet in height, and cactuses grow 25 or 30 feet high with branches like trees. The Eucalyptus, imported from Australia, is the most important and

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common shade tree, and there are over seventy varieties, some of them truly beautiful.

There is one tree in the Yosemite called "The Father of the Forest," long since leveled by the storms, which measures over 30 feet in diameter at its base, and at a point 200 feet above measures 12 feet, and through its hollow trunk people ride horseback with perfect ease. Some people walk up the trunk quite a ways, and come out through a knot hole. They remind me of an American woman I once saw at a cemetery in Genoa, Italy, crawling into the oven of a crematory — bound to see it all — curiosity run mad. Some of these trees are estimated to be 2,000 years old.

Elsewhere I have written briefly of the magnitude of the horticultural productions of California. In 1894 the output of fresh fruits exported was 160,000,000 pounds, and in 1897 it is estimated to reach 250,000,000 pounds. Oranges, of course, rank nearly first in quantity and value of the exports. The earliest history traces the orange to Burmah. The crusaders brought back from Asia the orange, which ancient Grecians and Romans never tasted.





HORTICULTURE.

There is a recorded history of two orange trees, one at Rome, Italy, and one at Seville, Spain, which are over 600 years old.

The navel, or two-story orange, has a history extending back over 250 years. This orange will eventually, it is thought, drive every other orange out of the market. It is generally seedless, but not always. The first of the kind was imported into this country from Brazil in 1870. Twenty thousand acres near Riverside produced in 1896 oranges to the value of \$1,000,000. No other section of the world can show such profits off the land.

You can hardly believe me when I tell you that the little insignificant lady bug, which we snap from our clothes with our fingers in New England, is regarded as a precious and valuable bug by all California people,—so much so that they have sent to Australia, and imported them in immense quantities to protect their orange groves—trees and fruit—from the ravages of the cottony cushion scale, which resembles the ordinary black soot.

Experiments are being made with figs and wasps, and it is claimed that the superiority of the Smyrna fig is due

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to the wasp that bores into the fig, and thus inserts the pollen of the male fig flowers and enriches the fig. If the experiments substantiate this claim they will send to Smyrna and import a lot of wasps.

There are many strange fruits growing here, like the loquat, a native of Japan. The loquat resembles the plum in appearance and is much used on the table and for jelly, but, from experience, I think it requires a Chinese stomach to digest it. Again, there is the cassabanana, a species of melon, which tastes like a pineapple and looks like a bologna sausage. The vines will grow to the top of a five-story building.

The olive tree is very profitable. An acre in the Pomona Valley, planted with olives, will, after seven years, yield from \$200 to \$300 a year. The total value of the olive crop in 1895 was about \$750,000. The annual production of olive oil by Italy is over \$100,000,000. It is inferior in quality to the California oil but sells on its name. The future value of the olive crop of California will be fabulous, when the public are once educated to the fact that there is no olive equal for eating to the ripe, oily California olive, as compared with the green, indigestible, bitter

PETROLEUM.

Italian olive, and that no adulterated foreign olive oil is to be compared with the healthy doctor killing California olive oil. An olive grove is so thrifty and long lived that it is handed down from generation to generation as a valuable legacy, and some one has said that it will live on and prosper while nations rise and fall. An olive tree in Pescia, Italy, is known to be over 700 years old. The oldest olive orchard in California adjoins the Mission ruins at San Diego, and has stood for over 133 years.

The olive is the most ancient fruit tree known to history. Its leaves were woven into the laurel wreaths of the Greeks and the triumphant crowns of the Romans. It grew upon the Mount of Olives and it is intimately associated with the history of the human race all the way down from the days of Noah's Ark to the present time. It has been food and light and medicine, ever since history began. There is no olive equal to the California fruit, and it will supplant in the end all others. It is nearly as nutritious as the best Chicago beef. Field laborers can work for days and almost indefinitely on no other diet than properly prepared olives.

The derricks of more than two hun-

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dred oil wells bored within the limits of Los Angeles make that part of the city look like a forest, and their products last year sold for over \$1,000,000. The oil has sold as low as 40 cents a barrel, but averages about \$1 a barrel.

As it is estimated that three barrels of oil are equal to one ton of coal, the oil is extensively used by all the railroads and factories for fuel purposes. It is believed that in the end discoveries will be made, equal to any that have been made in Pennsylvania.

There is an undeveloped and an incalculable wealth in the tropic ocean which laps these shores of Southern California. The waters swarm with myriads of edible fish like the barracuda, a very gamy fish generally three feet in length, and the great jew-fish, the latter often weighing 400 pounds. The annual product of its fisheries are already more than \$4,000,000 a year, and would be easily doubled and trebled, if the demand warranted it. The fish industry of the United States, especially on the Pacific Coast, is only in its infancy. Over \$7,000,000 was realized last year from fish waste, in oils, glues, fertilizers, etc., in the United States.

Chinamen have large villages, some

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

of them more like small cities along the shore, whose inhabitants are wholly engaged in catching, drying, and shipping fish to China. They are sure to put in an immense amount of salt, as salt in China is monopolized by the Government to raise a revenue, and millions of Chinamen are never able to get any salt, strange as it may seem, on account of the expense.

John Chinaman, and the Jap, in spite of all opposition, are forging ahead rapidly in this country. They are doing the servant's work in hotels, boarding houses, private families, and on the farms ; they are leasing land, raising an immense quantity of vegetables, and have a monopoly of the huckster business. It makes a New England man squirm to see them in lines at the banks, depositing money and handling gold in quantities as easily and as intelligently as if they were Wall Street brokers.

They have a peculiar law forbidding the Chinese laundrymen to sprinkle the clothes by "squirting" water from their mouths, and make them do it by hand.

A French writer has recently written an elaborate work, in which he makes the astounding statement that in less than five hundred years the Mongolian

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race (the Chinese, Japanese, and kindred nations) will be the predominant race of the world, and he discusses this question from an historical and scientific point of view.

It is certain, no nation in Europe or America can stand in competition with this race, and Christian countries must keep them out, or eventually every highway will be blockaded with tramps, and every street corner sentineled by beggars.

The present Chinese exclusion law, as it is enforced, is a farce. It simply puts money into the pockets of the United States Commissioners, who are ready for \$50 or \$100 to supply the Chinamen with all necessary certificates, affidavits, pictures, and formalities, to come and go as they please, and these officials are coining money in New York, Chicago, and all principal cities over this miserable fiasco.

The Chinese have an acknowledged history for fifty centuries, in which they have seen nations rise and fall, cities founded and obliterated. Their industry, their intelligence, their economy, and capacity for unremitting hard work, and their marvelous increase in numbers, make them a standing menace to

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the agricultural and manufacturing industries of the world. So far as the Dingley Bill shuts out their products, it is right. The people of the Pacific Coast, in warring against this Mongolian race, are simply fighting on the skirmish line of the great battle that must be eventually fought at the door of every factory, and on the hills, and in the valleys of every farm in New England and the Middle States. The people of California are sinew of your sinew, and bone of your bone, and are entitled to the sympathy and votes of every citizen of New England on this question.

The following list shows the average pay of laborers in Japan, which is nearly double that of laborers in China :—

Farm hands (men), per month, \$1.44.

Farm hands (women), per month,
\$1.20.

House servants (men), per month, \$5.

Factory laborers, per month, \$3 to
\$5.

Carpenters, per day, 26 cents.

Blacksmiths, per day, 36 cents.

Plasterers, per day, 26 cents.

An agent of our Government, who has visited that country, reports : "A Japanese workman can make anything he has ever seen. His ingenuity is

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astonishing. Give him a piece of complicated mechanism — a watch or an electrical apparatus — and he will reproduce it exactly, and set it running without instructions. He can imitate any process, and copy any pattern or design more accurately and skillfully than any other race in the world."

The Japanese offered, not long since, to lay down in San Francisco, a Corliss engine, costing in Providence \$1,200, for \$300 ; an American silk worth one dollar per yard, for 12 cents, or in that proportion ; and a hundred dollar bicycle for \$16.

Remember that in all Japan there are only two reputed millionaires, and, while wages are very low, nobody is very poor. There is not an almshouse in the entire country, and no beggars on the street. It has been said of them that "as a people they are frugal, and economical, and manage to save a little, even when working for ten cents a day. They have few wants and are temperate. You never see a drunken man on the street."

They borrow no money of other nations, build all their railroads with local money, and investments are nowhere safer than in Japan.

No wonder, then, that Captain A. T.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Mahan, the eminent American naval officer, whose writings are commended so highly by foreign officials, and are used as text-books in foreign naval schools, should in a very recent article in the *Harper's Monthly*, after treating of the future growth and development of the civilized nations of the world for the next one hundred years, startle the American people with the announcement that between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast is to be fought the first great battle between the Caucasian and the Mongolian races, between Christianity and Heathenism ; and that perhaps there will be settled the question which race is to survive and rule the earth. It must come to that eventually, as the history of all the world proves, that one race or the other will and must go to the wall, and gradually disappear.

Excuse me, friend Byxbee, for this, another digression. We will leave to posterity some problems to solve.

REMINISCENCES.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., April 27, 1897.



MINING is a subject which peculiarly interests me, for my grandfather, Captain Ratcliffe Hicks, of Providence, R. I., was one of the first Americans that ever crossed the Sierra Madre Mountains and engaged in the development of the silver mines in Mexico.

In 1823, he rode horseback from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, and spent two years and a large sum of money in working some of the silver mines. His adventures were startling. I will mention one or two. In going from Vera Cruz to Mexico, he was escorted by

MINING.

men hired to protect him against the brigands that infested the mountain passes. One day they came upon a band of brigands, who commanded them to halt. My grandfather, who was a Knight Templar, advanced, gave the Masonic sign, and passed on unmolested. This I had from his own lips.

He was obliged to wear a gold cross under his shirt, and next to his body, so that, in case of need, he could ask for assistance. The inhabitants of Mexico in those days were so bigoted and prejudiced that they would show no courtesy, or kindness, or help to any one who was not a devout Catholic. Great changes have come over the world in sixty years.

My grandfather was finally driven out of the country by Spanish persecution, and his property confiscated. Many years afterward, at the close of the Mexican war, his estate, through the instrumentality of his counsel, Daniel Webster, received a large indemnity from the Mexican Government.

It was not until 1848, after the Mexican war, that the United States began to be recognized as a gold and silver producing country. Up to that time, only about \$20,000,000 had been mined,

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"We find no pleasure in toiling and saving,
As our forefathers did in the old times gone.

* * * * *

We crave the gain, but despise the getting ;
We want wealth — not as reward, but dower :

* * * * *

Better the old slow way of striving,
And counting small gains when the year's
done."

Many Eastern people are inclined to believe that the prosperity of California is ephemeral and not substantial; but, in my opinion, there is no part of the United States whose future prosperity is predicated upon so sure and permanent a foundation as this state.

When I was in London last summer, a prominent financier argued with me that it was poor policy for American railroads to float a three per cent. bond payable in 99 years, as the prevailing rate of interest in London would soon be two per cent., and the same a little later in New York, and that a three per cent. bond would, in a few years, command a large premium. He added that the most reliable source of productive wealth to all nations will eventually be, not its factories, its railroads, or its banking or its mercantile institutions, but the product of its soil; and that

NICARAGUA CANAL.

therefore the future of America was most flattering. The low price of money will tend to increase the permanent value of real estate the world over.

Only one great improvement is needed — the Nicaragua Canal. There are men now living who will see that important work completed, under the protection and with the aid of the United States Government. We pay enough in pensions in two years to build it. That canal will do more for the prosperity of the United States than anything that has been done since the acquisition of California, and would prove a great stab at the supremacy of England over the commerce of the world, and advance New York City to its rightful position as the commanding center of the commercial world. It has been said truly that the Nicaragua Canal will enable refrigerator steamers "to lay down fresh fruits in Northern Europe within three weeks — a period of the year when those countries are almost bare of fresh fruits. The saving in distance to New York over the Cape Horn route will be more than 10,000 miles, and consequently reduce freights one-half to New York and Europe. The shortest route from China and

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Japan to the canal is along the California coast, so that the steamships running from Asia to the Eastern coasts of North and South America will naturally stop there for coaling, and for discharging and taking on cargoes. The canal would double the value of every acre of land on the Pacific Coast."

I trust that these cursory letters, written at idle moments, have not proved an unmitigated annoyance.

OBSERVATIONS.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., May 1, 1897.



LET me tell you a little something more about Southern California, and I hope some day you can come here and see it, and enjoy it all yourself. While it is a part of the United States, the habits and customs of the people differ as much from those of our New England folks, as those of any nation in Europe.

I will mention a few things that strike a stranger as odd. They have a club consisting of one hundred and fifty of the leading ladies of Pasadena, who all ride horseback *straddle*, the same as a man does; they have two or three clubs

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

of fashionable ladies, belonging to the first families, and each member keeps one or two hunting dogs, and hunts and shoots like a man. Last week, at Los Angeles, they celebrated what they have named "La Fiesta de Los Angeles." About \$25,000 was raised by subscription, and the celebration lasted five days. One hundred thousand strangers came to Los Angeles to witness the carnival, which consisted of a magnificent street parade, with the queen and the court in the procession. A fancy dress ball, Indian and Mexican cavalades, dances, and sports followed. The whole affair ended with a wild revelry of the maskers in the public streets. All this combined to make a scene well worth seeing, and one that could be witnessed nowhere else in the world.

The Chinamen are a great feature of the life here. Their New Year commences about a week later than ours, and the devout ones do not work for a week. It is amusing to listen to the fire-crackers they are continually sending off out in their fields during that week to drive off evil spirits, and bring them good crops, and to notice the little sticks burning just outside of their houses and near the front door for similar purposes.





O.H. Photo

Trees of Callia-Zone



CLIMATIC CHARACTERISTICS.

You see families here, living the whole year in tents fastened to upright posts, whose only covering is plain white cotton cloth. A prominent physician, who has a pleasant house, told me that he slept on his back veranda, which is latticed in, for nine months in the year, and that he found it more pleasant and healthier.

The sun in Summer is so hot in the middle of the day that you could not walk barefooted across a newly-plowed field, on account of the burning soil. Iron pipes get so hot in the broiling sun that gloves are necessary in handling them. The atmosphere is so pure and translucent, that it transmits the rays of the sun with wonderful power. In plain view are lofty mountains covered with eternal snow, while at their base lie beautiful valleys where flowers are in perpetual bloom. One day last Winter, as an advertisement, a merchant sent to the mountains, fifteen miles away, and had a huge snow man made. It was paraded through the streets of Los Angeles and created a great deal of excitement. And yet, the thermometer rarely goes above 90 degrees. The average temperature for the Summer is 68, and the Winter 60 degrees. The

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nights are nearly always cool. The breezes are invariably from the ocean in the daytime, and from the mountains at night. At San Diego in ten years there were only 120 days when the mercury went above 80 degrees. The mean summer temperature of Pasadena is 66.1 degrees; that of New York is 73 degrees. From April to November you can camp out and be certain here of good weather every day.

The senior editor of a great Metropolitan newspaper, who has spent many winters in California, was asked not long since : "Do you think California benefits your health, and is that the reason you come here year after year?"

He answered : "No, sir, but I think it is a pleasant place in which to be sick, and, when my appointed time comes, an easy spot in which to die, for you die not in a pent-up Northern home begging for air, but you die here in the open air, and vanish ere your friends know it."

"When death comes to Venice,
They hide it in flowers."

Southern California boasts of more rich widows than any other part of the globe. It is a common saying that

FARMERS' HEAVEN.

widows own the city of Pasadena or earthly paradise. Business men in the East will not give up their business, and attend to their health, until it is too late, and so when they come out here they do not last long.

This is a real heaven to any man who enjoys cultivating the land. With irrigation, crops grow here all the year. On some well watered land, the hay fed to cattle must be cut every three weeks. A good soil, abundant sunshine, and reliable water are the farmers' best friends. A fair charge for water is \$2.50 a year, per acre.

The wonderful variety in the products of the soil—greater than in any other place in the world—does not make California dependent upon the success or failure of any one kind of product.

I might as well tell you that the soil is very rich and is mostly decomposed granite. If you ever come to California and talk five minutes with the farmers, you will get so tired of hearing those words "decomposed granite," that you will almost inadvertently exclaim, "Give us a rest; we know all about your decomposed granite lands."

This country is in its infancy. It has made more progress in the last ten or

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twelve years than any other portion of the United States. Los Angeles in 1880 was a city of about 5,000 inhabitants, and now has about 102,000. California has the soil, the climate, and the enterprise to make it, in fifty years, the richest and most populous state in the Union, with a representation in Congress equal in number to that of New York and the New England States combined. Its area is greater than the combined area of the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, and greater than the *total area* of England, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium, and Denmark, a vast territory of over 100,000,000 acres. It has a shore line of 1,000 miles, as far as from Massachusetts to Georgia.

The great drawback to this country is its distance from the market for its products, but the center of population is fast moving Westward, and before long will reach the Mississippi River, thus bringing California so much nearer its market. Besides, in fifty years there will be on this side of the Rockies, 25,000,000 people, and then the market will be largely at their own doors.

It passes my comprehension how any intelligent farmer in New England can

FARMERS' HEAVEN.

keep on in the old way, tilling the soil of our rugged New England hills, and leaving to his children a patrimony of hard work, hard climate, and hard times, when he might transplant them to this beautiful country, and leave them, instead, a patrimony of good soil, magnificent climate, and an independence of the times. No man can fail to get enough off his farm for a comfortable support, and the future promises far more to the farmer here than he can ever expect to realize in New England. As the poet says :—

“ O, mighty human brotherhood, why fiercely
war and strive,
While God’s great world has ample space for
everything alive?
Broad fields, uncultured and unclaimed, are
waiting for the plow
Of progress that shall make them bloom a
hundred years from now.”

But perhaps it is not so strange after all as it first seems. The plodding John Jacob Astor, whom ex-Mayor Hewitt describes as carefully picking up pins in the streets of New York, was blessed with more practical knowledge of the boundless wealth of the far off Pacific Coast than the gifted son of New England, the most brilliant ad-

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vocate that ever graced the American Bar, and the most impassioned orator the world has seen in one hundred years, Sergeant S. Prentiss, who wrote his brother February 9, 1846, as follows:—
“As for Oregon and California, *no man of sense* would go to either till *compelled to do so*. They are always open and wide enough in case a man *can't get a living in any other place*.” Lawyers know a good deal, and sometimes they charge pretty dear for what they do know, but they don't know everything.

It is estimated that the annual agricultural products of California exceed in value \$50,000,000, and its mines about \$25,000,000 more, requiring, if so, a train of fifteen freight cars, each carrying 20,000 pounds, loaded with *gold coin* (\$5,000,000 being a full carload of coined gold) to be forwarded here each year from the East in liquidation. I put it this way that you may see the magnitude of the business. If coined in *silver* it would take 1,830 ox wagons, making a procession more than twenty-five miles long; and still Southern California is only in the gristle of its infancy, and not yet grown into the bone and sinew of its maturity.

The second Tuesday in July of even

ELECTION SINGULARITIES.

numbered years (Primary Election Day) is a legal holiday, as is also September 9th (Admission Day). These holidays I approve of very much, and they ought to be adopted in the East. Boards of registration and the admission of voters might meet on Labor Day, and make the day prove of some real benefit to the laboring man, who is now obliged to lose both his time and wages to be made a voter, and to vote in New England.

It is political death to any man here, Republican or Democrat, to be known as a friend of the Railroads, and all the Railroads can do is to get a few men to commit political "hari-kari," and sell their votes after being elected. Fortunately these men are never elected a second time. The animosity of the people here, and throughout much of the West, towards the Railroads, is something fearful, and leads to much hostile legislation.

The advocates of Woman Suffrage are very strong, and an amendment to the Constitution of California has been warmly pressed giving women a full voting power. It looks as if it would sooner or later be adopted.

A leading lawyer in Los Angeles, in

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a public address last fall, which I heard, advanced this novel argument: "That at the time of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States four classes of citizens were excluded from the privilege of voting: Indians, Negroes, Idiots, and Women."

He said the first who were admitted as voters were Indians, and afterwards the Negroes were given that privilege, and as everybody knew that the idiots have been voting for the past twenty-five years, he thought the last exception should be wiped out, and the poor woman should be allowed to vote as well as the Indian, the Negro and the Idiot.

MISSIONS.

PASADENA, CAL., May 5, 1897.

 O account of California would be complete without some reference to the Missions. It is the one historical building which is pointed out to you everywhere, and which you are expected to visit and admire. The Missions are mostly built of adobe brick (sun-dried black mud cakes), and, while rude in construction, and in sacred emblems, many are still wonderfully correct from an architectural point of view; the arches, the colonnades, and the façades are simply beautiful, being copies of the finest works in ancestral Spain.

Many of the Missions are well pre-

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served, and many are in ruins. Most of them were built from fifty to one hundred years ago. At San Gabriel you see portions of an old stockade, including several acres made by planting a rough, strong specimen of Mexican cactus. It is impossible for man or beast to get through it. The stockade inclosed the Mission and a few adobe houses, and was the fort to which the neighborhood retired in times of invasion, or trouble with the Indians.

The first Mission was at San Diego, and was founded July 16, 1769. That was the first occupation of California by any white man. In 1834 when the Missions were secularized by the Mexican government, they extended about 700 miles, and had 700,000 cattle, 60,000 horses, and their annual profits from sales and trades generally were more than \$2,000,000, an immense commerce for those days.

One hundred years ago, the only inhabitants besides the Indians were a few brave Jesuit priests, who brought with them from the vine-clad hills of Spain, the grape, the olive, the orange, the fig, the plum, and the almond, and taught the natives the elementary principles of agriculture, and thus laid here,



MISSIONARIES.

wittingly or unwittingly, the foundations of a mighty empire. Let credit be given to those to whom credit is due.

If, as undoubtedly will happen, the Sandwich Islands become a part of the United States, it is because seventy-five years ago a few heroic New England missionaries carried the cross and New England civilization to that far-off island.

England owes its commercial supremacy to-day (for the whole world revolves around London), and will perhaps for the next thousand years, not to its soldiers, or its seamen, or its statesmen, but to the faithful missionaries who carried the cross, and the English flag, and English civilization to the remotest confines of the globe.

My grandfather, Captain Ratcliffe Hicks, of whom I have spoken before, about 1827, sailed from Providence, R. I., in the ship "Edward," of which he was captain and part owner, and carried, as part of the cargo, the first meeting-house ever erected in the Sandwich Islands. He subsequently visited the barren and almost uninhabited shores of California, now so teeming with population, and rich in agricultural and mineral products.

Missionaries and not lawyers plant

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colonies and found states, and lawyers and not missionaries subsequently usurp the functions of government and fatten off the land.

It always seemed to me poetic justice, when, in spite of the protest of bigots, a far-off Western state placed in the Rotunda at Washington, amid generals, and lawyers, and statesmen, the statue of a humble Monk as its foremost citizen and eminent progenitor.

No New England man who has not crossed the Rockies can realize the importance of the question of irrigation to the people of the United States. It is estimated that one-third of the arable land of the Republic depends for its development upon irrigation. The one absorbing, predominant question to all the people living on the other side of the Rocky mountains, is not that of tariff, or of currency, but it is the question of irrigation; and upon the right solution of that question depends largely the future welfare of this people.

It is as much the duty of the state, or local government, to furnish water for a man's farm, as it is to make a road to his house, or build a schoolhouse for his children, and he is entitled to it at the lowest possible cost.

IRRIGATION.

California was a barren and worthless plain, until the Jesuit priest taught the Indians the value of irrigation. Some of the land, where for centuries not one green thing has been seen, will, with irrigation, blossom like the far-famed hanging gardens of Babylon.

When you go to buy a piece of land, the first thing they explain to you is the water rights, and the right to so many inches of water (miners' inches) increases largely the value of the land.

It is the one thing that you must always have safely guarded in your deed.

The irrigation is done by means of canals. One of these canals is thirty miles long, six feet deep, one hundred feet wide at the top, and seventy feet at the bottom. It cost about \$5,000,000.

Some of the dams constructed in the mountains for the storage of water are marvels of engineering work. One dam is fully 100 feet high. It makes you dizzy to stand on it and look over the side. Many of the dams are private enterprises, but in the end the government will be obliged to take possession of all the water privileges and furnish water at cost to the farmers.

Southern California, consisting of seven counties, each larger than the

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state of Connecticut, alone exceeds in area the states of Connecticut, Delaware, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and Vermont by 1,154 square miles. It exceeds in area Belgium, Denmark, Holland, and Switzerland. As these older countries have a population of 14,000,000, it is easy to believe that in 50 years, Southern California will have a population of 10,000,000. Where are now prosperous cities and villages, fifteen years ago there were nothing but sheep ranches.

It has been truly said of California that there is not "a spot on earth which can so nearly produce within itself all the necessaries and luxuries of life, and that nowhere can a man support himself and family on so small a piece of land and with so little labor."

In addition, California has a larger individual wealth than any state in the Union, and has a smaller percentage of mortgaged homes.

The largest tun in the world, holding 79,000 gallons, is the one in Fresno County. The one at Heidelberg is an infant beside it. There is one in process of construction now that will hold 150,000 gallons. It is being built in

STATISTICS.

the earth, with cemented walls, at a cost of \$8,000, and when filled will be a veritable lake of wine.

The magnitude of the wine trade is shown by the fact that one corporation now holds about 15,000,000 gallons of last year's vintage.

The gold produced by California since 1848 amounts to the fabulous sum of \$1,354,565,997, or as much as could be carried on a solid freight train nearly three miles long. It produced in 1896 about \$3,000,000 worth of petroleum, 40,000,000 pounds of beet sugar, 780,000 flasks of quicksilver; its capital invested in dairies is \$105,800,000, and the total value of gold and silver produced since 1848 is \$1,459,500,000.

There was shipped from Southern California, between January 1, 1897, and May 5, 1897, 6,412 carloads of oranges and 1,000 carloads of lemons, making 216 solid freight trains of 28 cars each, or a single freight train seven miles long. In 1887 there were imported into the United States 92,000,000 pounds of dried prunes. The same year California produced 5,825,000 pounds. In 1895 California produced 50,000,000 pounds of dried prunes,

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showing an increase of 900 per cent. in eight years.

Some prophesy that in 1898 California will ship East 12,000 carloads of oranges. No wonder that the Vanderbilts, the Morgans, and the Rothschilds, see a future in the Pacific Railroads, and are eagerly absorbing them, after the original New England stockholders have been frozen out.

Twelve thousand cars at \$227 each for freight, means about \$3,000,000, or three per cent. on \$100,000,000, which is far beyond the real cost of any one of the roads, and this remember is only one item of freight. These oranges will be worth \$5,000,000, or about \$100 to every family in Southern California.

It is certain that the sun shines upon no other land where nature has spread so bountiful a repast for mankind.

MEXICO PROSPEROUS.

MONTEREY, CAL., May 15, 1897.



AM on my way East to spend the summer at my cottage in Saratoga. I have enjoyed immensely my journey through Mexico and California. I have not the time now to give you an extended account of Mexico, which is, to me, the most interesting part of America. Mexico is to-day, without exception, making the greatest strides in material and intellectual development, of any part of the world that I have visited. An immense amount of foreign capital has sought an investment there, and at the rate at which they are putting up factories, and starting new enter-

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prises, the country will soon be able to produce all the manufactured articles it will need. This is all done in a country where they have no gold standard, and is impossible according to the views of the moneyed men of New York and New England.

The Mexican government, I am told, is controlled almost entirely by the Free Masons, and their lodges have been the places where political and religious freedom has been taught and maintained. That was the case in our own country a hundred years ago. Every student of American history will remember that seventeen of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were Masons. I know that the political progress of Mexico is due almost entirely to the Knights Templars, of which President Diaz is the most distinguished representative. I say this, although not myself a Mason.

All children must go to school in Mexico, and if you have a mining camp, no matter how remote from the railroad or villages your mine may be located, you must provide a schoolhouse and teacher for the children of the miners. In all Mexican schools, if the scholars are good and faithful, they are

TENTS FOR STUDENTS.

allowed to smoke cigarettes during school hours. The children all study aloud, and when you approach one of their large schoolhouses you think you are nearing a threshing mill in full operation. The reasons they give for this custom are that it compels the scholar to rivet his attention to his lessons regardless of his surroundings, and the teacher is able to tell by watching each scholar whether he is studying or not. I rather liked the innovation.

I have been struck with the intellectual activity that exists not only in California, but also in Mexico. The college at Berkeley, near Oakland, a comparatively new institution, has on its rolls 1,200 students, and this is only one of many prosperous colleges on the Pacific coast. The students flocked to Berkeley in such numbers last fall that the faculty had to put up tents, and the students lived in these tents all winter.

I am captivated with the plan of the buildings of the Leland Stanford University. Twelve oblong one-story buildings of yellow sandstone, connected by a continuous arcade, inclose a tract of about four acres, which is laid with asphalt and interspersed with beautiful tropical plants. All these

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buildings are to be inclosed as the college grows, in another quadrangle of two-story buildings. It looks so much grander, and more appropriate for its use than the narrow, pinched-up ground of our Eastern colleges with dreary walls of brick, or granite. The dormitories are supplied with elevator, electric lights, and hot and cold water. They are giving great attention in their colleges to the Chinese and Japanese languages, and no one can estimate the commercial value of a knowledge of the Oriental languages in the next fifty years.

All winter long you will see at fashionable ladies' seminaries, as you drive along the streets, pupils ranged at desks on the verandas, partly screened by flowers, or out under the trees pursuing their studies, and you realize, quite fully, how the youths of Greece, two thousand years ago, studied the same elementary principles of knowledge in the groves of the Academus.

The thoughtful parent and the conscientious physician, twenty years from now, will not think of advising the youths of the Middle or New England States, who are in delicate health, to go to the trying atmosphere that surrounds Yale

VALUE OF PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE.

or Harvard, or Vassar or Wellesley, but will send them where health and learning kiss hands.

They are also giving great attention in their colleges and schools to technology — trying to fit their students for practical business life instead of herding their patrons into the already over-crowded professions, or leaving them to marry some rich girl or starve. The College of the *Future* will spend less time on dead languages, and have departments devoted to the teaching of the elementary principles of correct business life. It will fit its graduates to engage at once in some practical occupation, such as banking, manufacturing, mining, or navigation.

That so few succeed in life, and so many fail, is no wonder, when you think what a lot of harum-scarum men, untrained, uneducated, ill-selected, and poorly adapted to their calling, are trying to run factories, manage mines, conduct banks, or carry on any of the serious business occupations. There are other elements besides protection, or free trade, that enter into the matter of national and individual prosperity.

One of the most successful manufacturers in Connecticut, and always a

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republican on general principles, told me not long since that he was not half as afraid of the factory 3,000 miles away as he was of the one across the street.

In this section everybody seems to be active, and to possess such keen, intellectual sensibilities that it arouses admiration. I attended, this winter, some highly interesting lectures by Professor Coe, delivered in all the principal cities in Southern California and before many schools, on "Joan of Arc," "Mary, Queen of Scots," "Oliver Cromwell," "Haroun al Raschid," "Pizarro and the Conquest of Peru," and similar most commanding historical subjects. These lectures were crowded. If such lectures have been delivered in Connecticut, I do not remember it.

The people here, either because they are so remote from our great business centers, or because the climate stimulates their intellectual development, read and study the great literary masterpieces of all times. At one hotel on the Pacific shore, far from the railroad, I found the landlord reading Plutarch's Lives, and, in the parlor of another hotel, I found well thumbed books by such authors as Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, and Byron.

MUST HAVE GOOD BOOKS.

I was staying at a hotel in a romantic spot in the Sierra Madre mountains, which reminded me much of the Tyrolese Alps. The landlord and his good lady, having no newspapers to offer, sent to my room some books, and among them I found and read again that charming effort, Irving's "Description of an English Churchyard," one of the most perfect discursive descriptions in the English language.

No matter if a man lives in poverty in a cabin on the foothills of the Sierra Madre mountains, and his children go barefooted, if he reads such books as Plutarch's Lives, Chambers' Miscellany, and the works of Irving and Scott, he can hold himself on a level with the best society in any part of the world. Every little village here has its Shakespeare, its Chautauqua, and kindred clubs.

They have no daily newspapers to wear out one's life in reading of murders, suicides, lynchings, and other sensational happenings. It was in this beautiful country that that most fascinating of American novels, "Ramona," was conceived, which in the portrayal of the habits of these people shows a depth of sentiment and pathos rarely to be found in any novel written on the

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habits and characteristics of the people of the United States, and thousands have shed tears and have been made better, as they have conned that wonderfully pathetic story.

Some day this Italy of America will be the birthplace and home of the orator, the poet, the sculptor, and the painter of the Republic—because the air, the flowers, the sky, the sea, are all an inspiration. Lastly, if not chiefly, it will be the birthplace of beautiful women. Richard Jeffreys, the famous English naturalist, who wrote so finely of the beauty of women, summed up by saying, "It takes a hundred and fifty years out-of-doors to make a beauty—open air, hard manual labor or continuous exercise, good food, good clothing, some degree of comfort—all of these—but most especially open air, must play their part for five generations before a beautiful woman can appear."

I might add, the success or the failure of American institutions, and the solution of the great social, political, and educational problems depend largely, whether we will it or not, upon the people who have camped upon the western side of the Mississippi river, and though some of our Eastern friends may

GREAT PEOPLE.

think otherwise, I am very hopeful of the result.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way:
Time's noblest offspring is his last."

The thirteen original colonies no longer control the destinies of the Republic. The balance of power centers around the Rocky mountains. The brave men and women who dwell under its shadows have largely in their hands and keeping the Ark of the Covenant of the American Republic, as the history of America for the next fifty or one hundred years will prove. It is estimated that at the end of the twentieth century there will be over 50,000,000 people living on the western side of the Rocky mountains.

Curiously enough, there are no pennies in circulation here. Outside of San Francisco and one or two large cities, nothing for sale is less than five cents, and very little paper money is seen. Gold and silver constitute the currency of the country. The people here all seem to dislike to handle paper money. They say it is filthy and not fit to touch.

I could write on for hours about this

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

country and its people, so interesting, so entrancing, and, to my thinking, so full of promise.

When you come do not forget to bring with you a pocket microscope. You will spend many happy hours examining the rare and beautiful flowers of California, and, to my thinking, the only pure and unalloyed pleasure of this world is to be gotten out of nature.

"Man, only, mars kind Nature's plan."

No one can help loving this country made by God, and not yet marred by man, who has traversed the homes of poverty and wretchedness in the crowded cities of London, Liverpool, Hamburg, or New York, where thousands of children are dying daily for the want of fresh air, fresh fruits, and fresh soil. No one, thank God, has ever yet died in California for the want of either of these three things.

One day climbing the Sierra Madre mountains is worth a whole year of Madison Square Garden Horse Shows, Patriarch Balls, and the usual rounds of city life, where envy, deceit, and shallow pretensions hold high revel, killing both soul and body.

To go back to the microscope, and to

SOLILOQUIZING.

show how little we appreciate the things with which we are familiar, one day in the Public Gardens of Frankfort on the Main, I saw many people stopping and admiring a little plant. A sign near it said : "The American Velvet Plant." It was nothing but our common roadside despised mullein.

I have seen in many choice parks and grounds of Europe, people stop and admire a tree ; it was our useless white birch, but to them it seemed rare and beautiful.

When you watch a locomotive in motion, and see that every part is fitted to its use, you know it owed its creation to intelligence, and not to chance ; and when with a microscope you examine the humblest specimen of animal or vegetable life, and note how it is wonderfully and scientifically adapted to its particular place in nature, then you know with absolute certainty, that intelligence and not chance presided over its birth.

It is sometimes hard to believe in the existence of an Allwise and Benevolent God, when you see hovels and palaces crowd upon each other ; undeserved and unearned wealth, and unmerited and unmitigated poverty and suffering

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housed side by side ; but out here under the blue canopy of heaven, studded with a million brilliant worlds, and all nature kind and gentle to human creatures, then your doubts vanish.

**" Thy temple is the face of day;
Earth, ocean, heaven, Thy boundless throne."**

HINTS TO TOURISTS.

DENVER, COL., June 19, 1897.



OME of my letters printed in the Connecticut papers have caused several people to write me who wish to improve their condition, either physically or financially, and I will try to embody in this letter some facts, which, if published, will serve to answer such letters, and also to inform any other persons who have similar inquiries to make.

As to getting to California : the best way for a person of moderate means is to go by the tourist cars, which leave Boston every Saturday, and go through to Los Angeles without change in about six days, passing through Springfield,

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Albany, and Kansas City. The fare is \$67, and any railroad ticket agent will procure tickets for parties desiring them.

My advice to one going to California for health is to go expecting to settle there permanently, otherwise the old malady will return, and the trouble and expense of the trip will have all been lost.

It is somewhat dangerous for a person afflicted with heart trouble to undergo the fatigue of the trip. For several days you are traveling at the altitude of 7,000 to 10,000 feet.

Even here in Denver, many people are afflicted with nose bleeding, terrible headaches, bad dreams at night, and are obliged to go away permanently.

I got out at Leadville the other day to take lunch. It is the highest city in the world, some two miles above sea level. When my lunch was half finished the restaurant began to pitch like a ship at sea, and I hustled back to the car. The ground felt as if I was walking on a hay-mow. Some conductors and brakemen say they are always badly affected when going over the highest plateaus. It is a saying in Denver that the climate cures people of consump-

ATTRACTI0NS OF THE JOURNEY.

tion and kills them with heart trouble. Of course, when once over into California, all these disadvantages disappear.

While the journey out here is somewhat tiresome, still it is very interesting. The best way is to break the journey at Kansas City, and then you will in two days and two nights arrive in the land of eternal sunshine, or break it at El Paso, a day's ride from California. This last route is preferable for some, as you avoid the very high altitudes of the other routes.

On the journey you pass through miles of lava which looks as bright and fresh as if it had only been deposited there yesterday, and not ages ago when it ran down the mountain sides and out over the vast prairies. You see myriads of lakes where there is no water, nothing but parched sand. You see beautiful mirages, trees, churches, villages, and rivers pictured in the sky, shot up into the heavens from some remote spot in far-off California. You go through Yuma, which is said to be the hottest place in the world. It was 125° in the car the day I was there. It is 200 odd feet below the level of the ocean, and for hours you are traversing

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the bed of what was once a great ocean. In that section all houses are built with two roofs, one about a foot above the other, to keep off the sun's rays; rivers disappear in the sands, to reappear miles away; and out of every nine tons of water stored, eight pass off in evaporation during the season, and often-times even more. It was near Yuma that a commission sent out by the French government located the best curative place in the world for consumption. You will find sea shells on the tops of the loftiest mountains. You will see the homes of the cliff dwellers, a race of people of which history knows nothing, and bring away broken specimens of their pottery. You will see people scraping up salt off the ground with a horse scraper. You will see peppers everywhere in the fields, in the stores, on the sidewalks, and if you eat a Mexican dish you will taste nothing but pepper. The Mexicans eat so much pepper, it is said with truth, that even a buzzard will not eat a dead Mexican.

On nearly every popular street corner, you will see men selling "Hot Tamales," a sausage-like preparation, smelling and tasting as if composed of dogmeat and red pepper, in about equal proportions.

ATTRACTI0NS OF THE JOURNEY.

There are two kinds of tamales, the Texan, such as is sold in New York, and the Mexican, such as is sold here.

The Mexicans are so numerous here, that it is said their votes control the elections in Southern California, and yet nine-tenths of them cannot speak a word of English.

The eucalyptus tree, imported from Australia, is the principal shade tree and has been known to grow thirty feet in one year.

You will see the mistletoe and several other plants,—some with most beautiful flowers,—that hang to trees and bushes, have no roots, and subsist entirely upon the atmosphere. You will see petrified forests, a most wonderful sight. You will see cattle dying by the railroad tracks, for want of water, a sad sight, indeed. You will see sound horses that can be bought for four bits, or one dollar. A man there offered to get me a carload of 100 horses for \$100. You will see Indians in their wild life, not a bit changed in 400 years and perhaps not in 2,000 years. You will see the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, one of the wonders of the world, the bed of an old river, forty miles wide with perpendicular walls thousands of feet high.

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You will get a glimpse of the famous Chalcedony Park of over 2,000 acres of petrified trunks of trees, which have given it the name of Jewel Forest. There are millions of tons of chalcedony, cornelian agate, amethyst, and topaz, a world's treasury house. You will see a hundred varieties of cactus, and from hating them for their ugliness, you will come to love many of them for their striking coral shape beauty. You will see the most magnificent mountain scenery in the world, especially if you come out over the Canadian Pacific. In all Switzerland there are only four peaks above 13,000 feet high, and there are a hundred peaks in California alone that are over 13,000 feet in height. You will traverse Live Oak Parks, extending hundreds of miles, that equal if not surpass the finest parks of old England that have had centuries of attention and fine treatment. You will see geysers and waterfalls, marvels of beauty. These and multitudes of other strange and interesting things you will see if you stop on your way and travel sometimes only a few miles from the railroad. I am sending you to-day by express, two fish at least 100,000 years old, just as they were taken out of a





GETTING AHEAD.

quarry lately in Utah, rare and beautiful specimens of fossilized fish. At the same time I am sending you a skin of a wildcat and a deer's head.

As to the outlook for work or support, it is difficult to advise. The Chinese and Mexicans do a large part of the hard manual farm labor of California. They are starting good mechanical enterprises there, and it would seem as if good mechanics could find something to do.

It is estimated that annually for the past ten years wealthy Eastern people have invested from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 in building beautiful homes and in developing this far West country.

Los Angeles held a very successful fair last winter for two weeks, illustrating the industries of that city, and it made many an Eastern tourist open his eyes.

It is a prevalent custom or arrangement, where a person has no capital, to contract with some landholder to clear the land of brush and weeds, and plant tracts of five, ten, or twenty acres with fruit trees, and for the first five years to receive one-half the product of the land, and at the end of five years a warranty deed of one-half the land improved.

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After all, it is the same in California as in New England and all over the world — “The Lord helps those who help themselves.”

For \$1,000 or \$1,500 you can buy ten acres of land with a small house suitable to the country, and you are sure to be able to get a good living off the land and more than a living if you are prudent and industrious. A common farm barn is a frame covered with a roof and inclosed on one side and it answers every purpose. There are in the seven southern counties over 11,000,000 acres of government land,— an empire in itself. A considerable part of this is hilly and arid, but much of it will become valuable by irrigation, when it is thrown open to entry. The indefatigable Englishman, the Globe trotter of the world, and the plucky Scotchman, have long since recognized the great future of that wonderful country, and are fast getting control of all the banks, breweries, wineries, mines, and the productive ranches.

London houses, like Crosse & Blackwell, have opened immense branch stores for the distribution of English goods, and the purchase of the salable articles of merchandise of the country

ATMOSPHERIC QUALITIES.

through New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California.

While we are worrying about Cuba, and Hawaii, and the selection of the village postmaster, the Englishman is quietly supplanting us on our own soil, and distributing the dividends in London. We have too much politics and too little horse sense to the square acre in the United States.

But there is one thing the Englishman cannot corner in California, and that is the climate. Just think of it! There is a large portion of Southern California that boasts of no ice boxes, no mildew, no fogs, no frosts, no thunder storms, no snow, no frost bites, no sun-strokes, no furnaces, and no cyclones, but does boast of eternal sunshine. To keep the meat fresh, every housekeeper hangs it outdoors, where it will finally dry up but will never become tainted. What a climate! It rains some in winter, but almost invariably the sun shines some part of the day — much like April showers. There are hardly five days in the whole year when the sun does not shine some part of the day. If it rains in the morning it will clear off before night, if only for an hour or so.

I read once in a Chicago paper that

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"astronomers in California and Mexico were explaining about the spots they had lately discovered on the sun, but in Chicago they were not troubling themselves about the spots on the sun, they were only wondering if there was *any* sun."

The best of drinking water is obtained by tunneling into the sides of the mountains, and is often heated by a skillful arrangement of coils of pipes in the kitchen roof, where it is warmed by the sun's rays to more than a boiling temperature.

So pure and clear is the atmosphere, and for so many days,—more than three hundred in a year,—that the celebrated Lick Observatory has located over two thousand stars before unknown to the wisest astronomers of the world. Professor Whitney says that, on account of the purity of the atmosphere, more of the earth's surface is visible from that observatory than from any other known point on the globe.

If Wordsworth could only have visited this Mecca of earthly existence, and breathed this atmosphere surcharged with ozone, and witnessed the wild revelry of flowers and fruits, and vegetation, and gazed up into the heavens

ODDITIES.

through an atmosphere that almost
brings the stars to your fingers' ends,
well might be written :—

“ To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran :

· · · · ·
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.”

A few more words about the people, and I must stop. It seems strange at first to hear the curfew bell every night at eight o'clock, and to see the children sent home ; to see notices that persons spitting in street cars, or on the sidewalks, would be arrested ; to see forty or fifty donkeys hitched around a school-house, waiting for the school to be out, so that the children could ride home on their backs ; to travel for hundreds of miles and find a welcome at every farmhouse, and an utter refusal to receive any pay for lodging and meals ; to find that none outside the cities think of locking their doors nights, and to see a happy commingling of people of all nations.

Men go around here seeking employment of people desiring good wells, and the correctness of their predictions is often marvelous, although it seems to

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border on the domain of necromancy. They use the hazel wand we read of in fairy tales. When the hazel bough bends downwards they predict that water will be found after digging the proper depth. Not every one seems to be susceptible to this influence, or capable of making a correct prediction. Only a few people are successful in their efforts to discover hidden reservoirs or springs of water, while walking over the fields holding the hazel bough flat.

The little burros, some call them donkeys, are to be seen everywhere, just as you see them in Spain and Asia Minor to-day, trudging along uphill and downhill with a load on their backs bigger than they are. There is not a man in Connecticut who can, commencing at 7 a. m. and working up to 6 p.m., fasten that same load on their backs so it will stay, and still it looks easy. It is the simplest things often that are the hardest to do, and it is a knack to do them.

One oddity you will not see here, I am sorry to say: mothers teaching their children to practice politeness to their elders. Here, just as on Broadway, New York, you will hear mothers

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daily command their children not to give up their seats in a street car to anyone. Once in all my travels, extending over both continents, and nearly every state in the Union, I saw a young miss rise and give her seat to a feeble old man. At the same time mothers teach their children it is an awful thing to drink their coffee with the spoon in the cup.

You must never ask what the weather will be to-morrow, as people will only smile and say, "I guess you have not been here long." For weeks and months at a time the sun rises and sets in a cloudless sky.

It is odd to travel in a country that has not yet learned to practice the iniquities of the fee system. When the distinguished U. S. Senator Allen G. Thurman returned from attending as one of the representatives of the United States before the Alabama Commission, some one asked him how he enjoyed his trip in Europe. He replied, "Very well," and added, "but I was sorry not to have met Queen Victoria or Bismarck, because I don't think either of them would have expected a *pour-boire*."

Last 4th of July, at a little gathering

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

of country people numbering about fifty persons, just back of Pasadena, it was found that they represented eight different nationalities.

Californians recognize, as has been aptly said, that every being "whose blood is red and whose tears are salt" is a fellow man and their brother. Would that all the world could so see it. How much better life would be!

It would be foolish to say that there are no drawbacks here. Paradise is on the other side of the river Styx. There are in some places sand storms, during the progress of which you must throw yourself on the ground and wait until they pass over. There are heavy fogs along the shore of the Pacific at certain seasons of the year. There are always three or four days in the year when the downpour of rain is so great that it is impossible to leave the house. On such days umbrellas act only as sieves. In summer the sand is exceedingly disagreeable. It is something horrible as you drive along the dusty, unsprinkled country roads. There is much complaint of eye troubles from the sand, the extreme dryness of the air, and the shining reflection from the earth. Everything is burnt and dried to death

DISADVANTAGES.

during the summer months, unless the land is irrigated.

The greatest pest in Southern California is a little animal called the gopher, similar to our ground squirrel. It is very destructive of orchards, and the farmers are all the time fighting them with shot, poison, traps, and water. It is almost impossible to keep your lands free from them.

If you include the time and expense of fighting these animals and the damage done by them, it is estimated that they cause a loss of nearly half a million dollars a year. In some places the rabbits are an awful nuisance, and sometimes all the inhabitants of a county turn out on an appointed day, and kill thousands, the same as in Australia.

You must pay no attention to the crowing of the rooster here. He will crow all hours of the night. I suppose the nights are so light they are confused as to the time when morning breaks.

Meats are poor and high. The wages of house servants are exorbitant, and you must depend largely on Chinese and Japanese servants. The climate is very enervating and you feel tired all the time. This feeling, however, wears off in a year or two. Some sections

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have suffered from a real estate boom. In those places the dismantled hotels, abandoned houses, and a few disheartened survivors, plainly tell the sad tale.

It is a serious question whether it will not in the end prove more of a curse than a benefit to have advertised California as a cure for consumption, as modern medical science pronounces consumption contagious. It will undoubtedly be necessary for the State of California to adopt stringent regulations for isolating the disease, disinfecting the railroad stations, cars, hotels, and boarding houses, and to compel the overland railroads to furnish hospital cars especially fitted up for invalids and provided with competent nurses. It is a great annoyance to the traveling public, the way the sick and the well are herded together on trains. Sometimes people die on the trains. As an ocean steamer has a doctor, and a hospital, so every well equipped overland train should be compelled to have the same provisions for the protection of the healthy and the welfare of the sick. In a few hotels and many boarding houses, the prevalence of the disease is fairly nauseating.

The newcomer abhors the climate,

DISADVANTAGES.

because sometimes he roasts on the sunny side of the street and freezes on the shady side, and, after the hottest day, finds the night air chilly. The thermometer in some places has often stood as high as 128° , which beats the world's record for extreme heat. The highest recorded temperature in India is 123° and in Africa 118° . This is owing to the intense radiative and reflected heat.

With all these drawbacks there is no spot on the globe, experience teaches, so comfortable and so adapted as a habitation for mankind in general as Southern California.

The average Western man has not as yet been embalmed in poetry for any extra politeness to the female sex, in contradistinction to the general man. Eastern ladies contemplating coming here must expect to exhibit at least ordinary push if they wish to get along. A little incident I witnessed speaks volumes. One day, going on an electric car from Pasadena to Santa Monica, many women and men were standing in the aisles, and after a half hour a man got up to leave the car. A woman, who had been standing all the time with her arms full of bundles, moved to take the seat, but the man turned his back

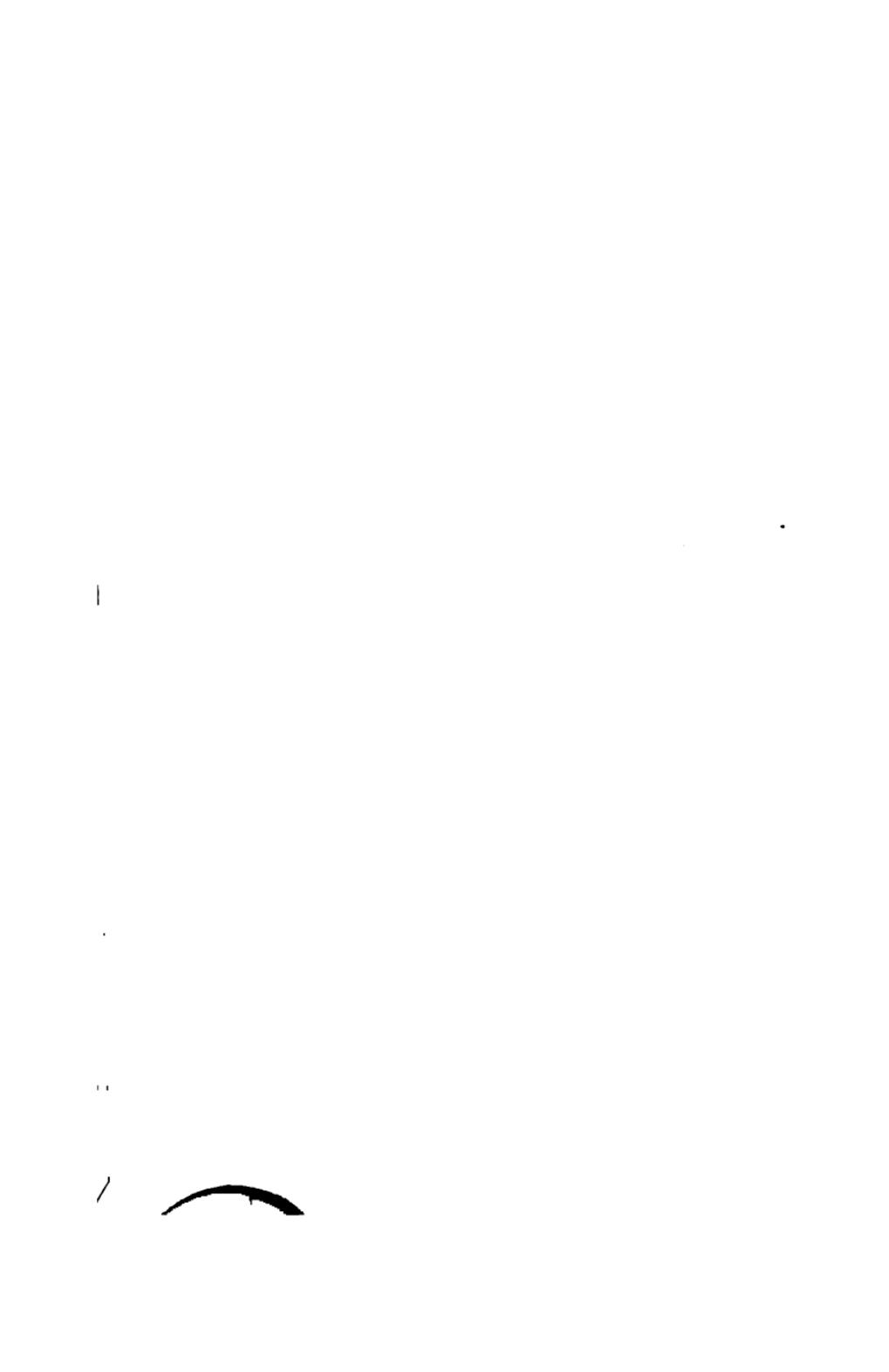
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

towards her, and blockaded the way, and beckoned to a pretty school miss to take the seat, which she did. The woman was thoroughly mad, and spoke so all could hear her: "You would not have done that to me, sir, twenty years ago." The passengers roared with laughter and the man passed out as if it was all a good joke.

On my way here I staid two days at Salt Lake City. One of the principal things that attract a stranger's attention is the unique and striking building called the Temple. The architecture is peculiar, and you will rarely see in any part of the world a building that will leave a more lasting impression on the memory. Perhaps the mystery connected with the building, how it is constructed inside, and the mysterious religious uses to which it is put, adds somewhat to its effective charm. No Gentile has ever been permitted to enter it, and all you know about it is simply what you can gather from looking at the outside.

The regularity and beauty of some of the streets would please you, and then, of course, you must go out twelve miles to the wonderful Salt Lake, visit the largest pavilion in the world, swim in





SALT LAKE CITY.

the water where drowning is an impossibility, where no fish can live, and no green thing can grow, in a solution that is twenty per cent. salt.

There is not now, and never was, much polygamy in Utah, as only two per cent. of the people ever did practice it, although it is allowed by their religious belief. The Mormon church, however, was never so strong, so rich, and with so many missionaries in all parts of the world as to-day, thanks to the politicians at Washington, who admitted Utah as a State, for the sake of the votes of two United States Senators.

The church is now omnipotent in Utah, controls everything, and the poor Gentile is almost a nonentity. The present legislature of Utah has only three Gentile members. All prosecutions for polygamy have ceased, and all at once people are exceedingly busy minding their own business. Wendell Phillips once said that the Puritans' idea of hell was where everybody minded his own business. If so, Utah is a very pleasant hell to visit.

They tell one strange circumstance, that, among many other things, confirms this people in the belief that they are the chosen people of God. For three

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years they were overrun by grasshoppers, and the country nearly devastated, but at the end of three years some beautiful white birds, like sea gulls, came, no one knows from where, and drove away the grasshoppers. The birds have remained ever since, and no grasshoppers have ever again appeared. There is a law now against shooting or harming these birds, and you see them everywhere in the vicinity of Salt Lake City.

This will be my last letter, as I shall soon be in New York. As Scott, in that beautiful invocation to his muse, exclaimed :

“ Much have I owed thy strains on life’s long way,”

so let me assure you that in my humble sphere I have found great pleasure in writing down in these wanton ways, a few fleeting thoughts of the American Paradise — Southern California.

[FINIS.]

APPENDIX.

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA.

Sept. 17, 1542. Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo visited the bay of San Diego.

July, 1579. Sir Francis Drake visited this coast, and named it New Albion.

Nov. 12, 1602. Sebastian Vizcaino, by order of Philip III., visited and surveyed the bay of Monterey.

May 1, 1769. The first actual occupation began when Fra Serra and his companions founded at San Diego the first Mission.

Oct. 29, 1796. First American vessel arrived from Boston.

Feb. 18, 1826. First election of members of Mexican Congress.

In 1834 the Mexican government secularized the Missions, and confiscated their property.

June 4, 1845. Mexican War declared by the United States.

Dec. 6, 1846. Battle of San Pascual fought near San Diego, between the Americans and Mexicans.

Feb. 2, 1848. California ceded to the United States.

Sept. 9, 1850. California admitted as a State.

APPENDIX.

Oct. 10, 1858. First overland mail.
April 4, 1860. First pony express started.
Sept. 4, 1781. Los Angeles founded.
In 1877. First shipment of oranges East.
June 1, 1850. Population of Los Angeles,
2,000.
June 1, 1897. Population of Los Angeles,
102,000.

PIONEERS.

Hopeful were men who cast their lot
In the heart of a wilderness,
And — homesick — in their toil forgot
An old home's blessedness.
Great faith had those of an endless quest
Who marched till the years were done —
Then lifted their eyes to the golden West
And died in the setting sun.

Brave men — great souls — God's sons — and tall —
Full swift and passing strong —
They have taken the lands and are lords of all —
They have chanted their deeds in song ;
They have told their tale with a sounding tongue,
Have painted their hopes and fears —
Yet, when hath a word or a note been sung
Of the bravest pioneers ?

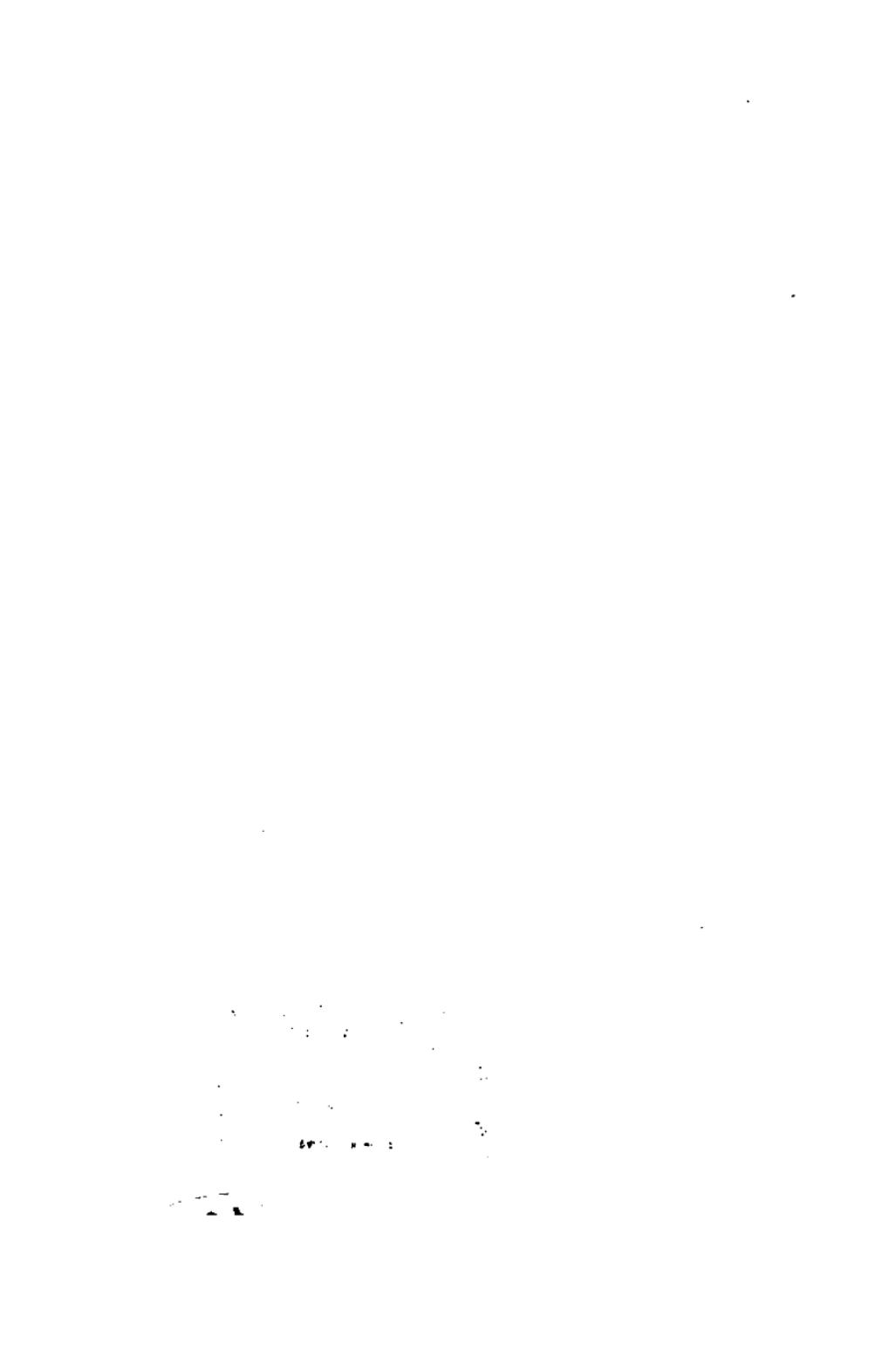
How strong were these on the weary road —
How brave in the silent land !
What smiles bestowed to lighten the load
That could never a tear-drop stand !
What hopes saw they through drought and flood ?
Did they look in the future wide,
When their throats were parched and their fevered blood
Ebb'd fast with the final tide ?

PIONEERS.

This did they — yea ! these silent ones —
 The women of the West !
Lord ! let that heart beat in their sons
 Which counted patience best —
God gave them courage measureless,
From heaven came their faith ;
White was their hope in the wilderness,
 And their great love conquered death !

— HENRY WALKER, in the *Oklahoma Annal.*





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